

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Hum. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My staffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,
As ere thy Noble father made it mine:
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse belou'd of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Take vp the staffe, for heere it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

Torke. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your Grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him
so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him,
and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other doore
his man with a drum and sandbag, and Prentises drinking to him.*

1 *Neighbor.* Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup
of Sacke; and feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
and be merry, and feare not your man.

Arm. Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

2 *Pren.* Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy master, fight for credit of the Prentises.

Peter. I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,
And wilt thou shalt haue my aterne: and heere Tom,

Take

Yorke and Lancaster.

Take all the money that I haue.
O Lord blesse me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with
my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

Salis. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirra, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter forsooth.

Salis. Peter: what more?

Pet. Thumpe.

Salis. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

Arm. Here's to thee Neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for
before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for I am
come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe
an honest man, and Peter a knaue: and so haue at you Peter with
downright blowes, as Beuis of South-hampton fell vppon As-
capart.

Pet. Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.

Alarmer. Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

Arm. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. *He dies.*

Pet. O God I giue thee praise.

He kneels downe

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,

And God in iustice hath reueal'd to vs

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.

Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his men, in mour-
ning cloakes.*

Hum. Sirra, what's a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.

Hum. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandering in the streets.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke

The abiect people gazing on thy face,

With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,

D 2

When